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Poetry.

THE CORN SONG.

Heep high the farmer's board!
Heep high the golden corn!
No richer gift has autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, gleam,
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine:

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged valleys bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers
Our o'wers their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played:

We breathe the seed of o' hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June,
His leaves grow green and fair,
And waved in mid-summer's noon
His soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eyes,
His harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapors lift all in silk
Around their costly board,
Give us the bowl of sump and milk,
By homestead beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Burns up its smoky curls,
We'll not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly lingers to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let midday blight the tree,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat-field to the fly;

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod,
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God.

—J. G. WHITIER.

LOSS IN DELAYS.

The following quaint but forcible verses are by Robert Southey, a poet of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Shun delays! they breed remorse;
Take their time, while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force;
Fly thy fault, lest thou repent thee;
Good is best when soonest wrought;
Lingering labor comes to naught,
Hesit up all while gale doth last—
Tide and wind wait no man's pleasure;
Seek not time when time is past—
Sobers speed is wisdom's leisure.
After-wits are dearly bought—
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.
Time wears all his locks before—
Take thou heed upon his forehead;
When he dies he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked.
Works adorned have many stays;
Long demurs breed new delays.

Miscellaneous.

DOCTOR GEORGE.

About the only earthly possession of any value George Hixson had on his twenty-second birthday, was a handsome diploma of parchment tied up with a blue ribbon. The diploma was from a medical college of very high standing, and George had worked hard and faithfully for four long years for that diploma. That he deserved it, made it a valuable possession.

He had with it a good deal of capital in the shape of courage, enthusiasm, faith in himself and the world. He was honest, manly and patient, and could begin life at the right end of the ladder.

He was so poor that he had to walk part way from the college to his old home, the village of Sharon.

The first man he met at the end of his tiresome journey, was old Enoch Lamson, a man who had known George from the day of his birth.

"How do do, George, how do do! Heave again, eh?" was the old man's greeting.

"Yes, sir," replied George; "home to stay, this time."

"So yer a full fledged pill-maker, an' ready to go into partnership with old Billy, our graveyard sexton, hey?" asked the old man, with poor wit.

George felt disposed to resent this, but he did not.

"Ye don't calc'late on settlin' down here in Sharon, do ye?" continued old Enoch.

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Wal, now, I dono—I dono 'bout that, George."

"Why shouldn't I begin here?" asked the young man.

"I hear that old Dr. Edmonds has died lately, and that no one has yet come to take his place. Why shouldn't I do so? I am young—"

"That's hit, George, that's hit," interrupted old Enoch, "yer too young. That's jist what the shoe pinches. Leastwise, that's one place whar hit pinches. Nether thing is that—that—"

The old man scratched his head in evident confusion. He looked keenly at the young man, whose face began to flush.

"Wall," resumed the old man, "you know as well as anybody, George, jist what yer family connections is, you know that—"

"I know it so well that you need not take the trouble to enlighten me any further on the subject," replied the young man, very quickly.

"I know to my sorrow that my father was a common drunkard, and that I am generally known as 'old Joe Hixson's son.' I know that my eldest brother followed in my father's footsteps, and was killed in a drunken brawl in this town. My other brother has gone to the bad, too. But I know, and you know, too, Mr. Lamson, that my mother was as good a woman as ever lived through years of shame and suffering, to die at last of a broken heart."

"That's even so, George," admitted the old man. "I knowed your mother when

she was purty Mary Jackson, 'fore it was ever her misfortune to know yer reperebate father; an' she was, as you say, as good a woman as ever drawed breath; but hit's yer father's name you've got, an' the name of Hixson don't stan' yer high in these parts. But I'll say fer you, George, that I hain't a word to say agin you, pussionally an' individually. I am free ter say an' believe that yer of a mind ter do what's right, an' that you want to raise yer name far 'bove the o'jcum that's now on hit."

"I do want that," was the young man's earnest reply, "and it's strange if the Christian people of this town refuse to give me help and encouragement. My own record here is clear—I am not ashamed to have it read. Of course I am young, and most people are a little afraid of young physicians—but all physicians were young once—and I must have a beginning, you know."

"Now I have studied faithfully, carefully, even prayerfully, for four long years. I have spent every dollar I had, educating myself. No one knows of the deprivations I have had to suffer for this, except he held up his diploma as he spoke."

"I have earned it," he went on. "It is my own right of four years of hard study. Of course I know of the opposition I will probably meet with in the beginning. I am young; I know more of theory than of practice, so far. But there are several reasons why I want to locate here in my boyhood's home. I am bound to win in the end, you will see that I do."

"Wall, George, I hain't a thing agin you, myself. I wish you well as far as I'm concerned. Yer gritty; I remember that you had that streak in you when you was a little youngster. But I jist made up my mind that I'd tell you fair an' square what the chances was fur an' agin you, here."

"I am greatly obliged, I'm sure," said George, "but I was prepared for all you have told me. I feel that I shall succeed in the end. Commit thy way unto the Lord. Trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." There is the foundation of my faith and courage, Mr. Lamson. I have often proved the truth of that most helpful and most blessed promise. It gives me courage and confidence now. I know it will not fail me."

But there were many days, and weeks and months after that, when poor George's courage and confidence almost failed him.

Old Enoch had truthfully said: "Doctor George will have a hard row to dig."

He had, indeed. The name of Hixson was in bad repute in and around Sharon. The people were prejudiced against the poor young fellow, although they could not but admit that his own character was above reproach. They had known him from his baby-days up, and it did not "seem natural" to call him "Doctor" Hixson. And he was so proud of that hard-earned title.

Those who used it at all, called him "Doctor George"; that took away half the dignity for him, and was a familiarity he resented, in secret, although he dared not do so openly. Others called him "Doc," and that was simply galling to the high-strung young man. He was daily hurt by covert or open sneers. Even the children ridiculed him and his new title.

Could anything be more exasperating than to have a crowd of ill-bred urchins assemble in front of his poor, shabby little office, while one of their number sang out:

"Doctor, doctor, kin you tell
What will make a sick man well?
Grease his heels and tar his nose,
And that will do, I suppose."

The Doctor's office was such a shabby little affair, and he was quite too poor to make it better. It had no carpet, no pictures, nothing but a cheap desk, a chair or two, and the few old, but valuable books which comprised the Doctor's library.

Appearances go a good way toward a physician's success or failure, no matter how greatly we may affect to underrate them.

He should be well dressed. A shabby man can never assume a very dignified appearance. His office should be neat and inviting. It augurs ill for the amount of a man's practice, if his office is as shabby as poor Doctor George's was.

If the young fellow could only have had a chance. But there were the people sending ten miles to K—, a neighboring town, for Dr. Graves, who could ride over in his carriage, and count their pulse-beats by a magnificent gold watch. His coats were of the best, and tailor-made, and he had graduated from the same college from which Doctor George's diploma had come.

His father had left him a moderate fortune, and he could begin his career in a manner becoming a physician.

And then George had to sit in his dreary office, in his frayed and patched garments, waiting for the patients that would not come, while Dr. Graves went driving by, day after day.

Every few days the disturbed and dejected young doctor heard rumors of a rival coming to Sharon, and the village paper openly published in its columns, that

"An experienced and competent physician will do well to locate in Sharon."

After that, Doctor George thought he would really have to seek a new field of labor, and in deepest despondency he feared that he had perhaps relied too long on the promise that had so long encouraged and consoled him.

But he read another promise, solemn and sweet to his troubled heart.

"I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee."

"It will all come right in the end," he said, but the end seemed so far away.

He would be only "old Joe Hixson's son," to these people, all the days of his life. There was no end to that shame and sorrow. The sine of a drunken and depraved father were visited upon the head of a son who was deserving of the town's honor and esteem. He had risen above them into the beauty and glory of a pure and noble manhood.

Through shame and sorrow, discouragement and poverty, he had struggled up to a higher and a better life, and yet the good people of Sharon daily made him look backward to the life he had left.

And no friendly hand was stretched forth to help him onward.

"It is really surprising to see the assurance 'old Joe Hixson's son' displays," said Mrs. Colonel Giddings, the wealthiest woman in Sharon, "with his antecedents to set himself here for our physician."

How many of us can look back through the ages to ancestors in whom there was no guile, and for whom we need not blush?

During six months Doctor George had but two patients; one of them was a boy who had cut his finger badly, and the other was a child with the colic. He had not, however, wasted his time. He had studied, and learned much.

He was a bright, observing young fellow, and no one in Sharon would ever have guessed that the bright letters and sketches they read in certain Eastern papers, were written by "old Joe Hixson's son." He had signed "Alexis" to all he had written, and had been able to meet his small expenses with the money he had received for his work.

But he had not spent four years studying medicine to finally become a newspaper reporter.

At last he made up his mind to go out West. Hope had died out in his heart. The people of Sharon were determined to ignore him. He could not succeed there. But there was that young man's Mecca—the boundless West. Perhaps the fates would be less cruel to him there. He need not be "old Joe Hixson's son" among strangers. But there were those precious promises!

"They will be fulfilled yet in the Lord's own time and place," he said, cheerfully. "He probably means that I shall go away from here to something better than I have dared hope for."

So he made ready to go. The home of his childhood was dear to him, and he was fond of familiar faces, even if they were not always kindly. He had always felt timid about going among total strangers. But his poor little trunk was packed, and he had gone around saying good-bye to the few friends who cared to say good-bye to him. He intended going on Tuesday.

On Monday afternoon a little tow-headed boy met him on the street.

"Say you, Doctor George," he said, "my ma wants you to come up to our house and see if there's anything the matter of our Tommy, 'cause if there is, ma wants to send for Doctor Graves."

The insulting message made the blood fairly tingle in the young doctor's veins. But the next moment he laughed.

"Oh, well, it don't matter," he said; "I'll go. It will help me to say truthfully that I've had some practice."

Tommy was the very urchin who had sung the hateful doggerel before Doctor George's office.

The young physician examined the boy carefully, then he said:

"Well, Tommy, my boy, it will take something more than grease on your heels and tar on your nose to make you well. You have the small-pox."

"I don't believe it," said Tommy's mother, sharply. "I don't believe you know small-pox from the measles! I'll send for Doctor Graves right off."

"Very well, Madam," said Doctor George, politely bowing himself out.

But late that evening Tom's mother came crying to Doctor George.

"Doctor Graves wouldn't come," she said. "He was going to, but when he heard that it looked like small-pox with Tommy, he said he wasn't well, and just sent some medicine that ain't done him a bit of good. If you would come up, sir."

It was the first time he had been addressed as "sir" for many a day.

"Of course I will go," he said.

That was the beginning of Doctor George's practice in Sharon. Within ten days there were fourteen cases of small-pox. The annals of the little town contain a record of how it was scourged by that fearful disease. Before the end came, there were one or more cases in nearly every house. The means taken to prevent the spread of the disease had proved ineffectual. At last the town was quarantined.

When Doctor Graves was sent for a second time, it was discovered that he had suddenly been called away "on business."

He staid away all winter.

Doctor George went back to his empty office after seeing Tommy a second time. He unpacked his little trunk, lighted a candle, and began to read a certain medical work. He read until midnight, until one, two, three o'clock, until the dawn of day; that found him on his bed, knees, prayerful, and even tearful. He felt that there had been given him work to do; that a change was coming in his life. He opened his well-worn little Bible, and read:

"I will not fail thee nor forsake thee," and again he read: "Be strong, and again I say, be strong."

And he was strong:

"His strength was as the strength of tea, because his heart was pure."

He became a tower of strength to those stricken people. He was doctor, nurse, comforter more than he thought he ever should be to suffering creatures.

His success with Tommy was assured within a few days, and others came eagerly after him. His skill in baffling the disease was wonderful. Had he not the heavenly help? There were few deaths, and many people came forth, their fair and blooming cheeks unmarked by the dread disease.

Mrs. Colonel Giddings' beautiful daughter was stricken down while making preparations to fly from the town.

Mrs. Giddings' own carriage came for "old Joe Hixson's son." His contaminating presence was in her splendid parlors, and in her daughter's radiant room. His skill and careful watching brought her beautiful laughter forth with all of her girlish loveliness unharmed.

He had hardly time to eat or sleep for many days. His very presence gave hope and courage to the suffering.

He escaped the contagion, but when his last case was dismissed he was utterly exhausted, and quietly left the village for a week or two of rest.

When he returned, his heart sank within him. In the window of one of the hand-somest office rooms in the town, he saw

"Physician" in great letters of gold.

Handsome curtains were before the windows. Everything indicated that the newcomer had been a successful man. He hardly dared read the name on the door. When he did, he read:

"Dr. GEORGE H. HIXSON."

"Go 'long in an' see how you like it," said old Enoch Lamson, who stood grinning on the pavement.

The amazed young doctor opened the door and went into a beautiful office. A handsome carpet and rugs covered the floor, walnut and mahogany chairs with velvet and plush cushions were in corners, a mahogany table and secretary stood in the room, pictures and ornaments were on the walls, books filled a walnut bookcase with a silken curtain. Back of this pretty room was one for a private office, fitted up in the handsomest style.

"I—I—don't understand it," said Doctor George.

"Don't, hey?" queried old Enoch. "Wall, hit's a little 'sprise fixed up fer you by Mrs. Colonel Giddings an' the rest of us. 'Bout the hull town had a finger in hit. Hit's all yer own, an' all paid fer. I reckon you hain't lost nothin' by trustin' in the Lord. He gin'rally brings His promises to pass, you know."—*Christian Examiner.*

Life of a London Flower-Girl.

One afternoon, attracted by the singularly refined face of a flower-girl passing the Strand, I went up to her, bought some of her flowers, and asked her to come and sit to me, explaining that I wished to "take her likeness." She said, rather condescendingly, that, as her business time was chiefly of an evening when the theatres were open, she would consent to do so.

The next morning, an hour after the appointed time, my flower-girl appeared. She looked nonchalantly about her; then, seeing a large mirror, stood some little before it in silence, gazed lovingly at herself, and at length exclaimed: "Well, it is a rare chance to see oneself like this!" and turned her small antique head from side to side, bridling and peacocking with infinite grace.

She was shy, and yet defiant. Her clothes hung loosely and yet loosely round her graceful form, showing the deficiency of underclothing. Her head was bare; her beautiful, rusty hair in rich profusion gathered up in a careless knot. When the cold wind blew she drew her ragged shawl over her head. Her ignorance, her knowledge, her audacity, were fairly bewildering. She seemed to have no affections, no ambitions. Sometimes she would laugh, as if born to do nothing else, but with a melancholy look in her eyes. This young forsaken thing lived alone in a room she paid for by the week. She liked to stay in bed till 10 or 11 in the morning, though on market days it was necessary to be at Covent Garden very early to buy flowers. These she arranged as tastefully as possible with wire, leaves, and fern, placing them in a light, flat basket filled with moss, which is usually carried tilted on the palm of the hand.

In the afternoon she took up her stand at the entrance to some restaurant in the Strand or by the approaches to Charing Cross Station. As soon as the theatres opened she hovered about the entrances, but on wet nights no one would linger to buy "button holes." People only thought of hurrying into or away from the theatres, so the unsold flowers had to be carried home and kept fresh, if possible, to be palmed off, when they seemed warranted, in dark corners of the street, "not too near the street lamps." The girl could read, she said, but "didn't hold to books." Ladies never gave her anything she cared to read; it was always "goody rubbish" they wouldn't so much as look at their sets.

She used sometimes to attend a sewing-class, where ladies came to read aloud twice a week, "but it was heavy reading."

Once an old gentleman "preached" about scarlet fever and what poor people should do; "but there wasn't much sense in what he said," was her only comment. One of the greatest pleasures, she confessed, was looking in at the shop windows, especially the jewellers' shops in the Strand. Lockets, ear-rings and bracelets she spoke of with something like fervor. The photographs of actresses, professional beauties and the royalties seemed also a source of unalloyed interest.

"I don't think much of Mrs. Langtry," I know plenty of girls about the market who sell well-looking, though not so stylish.—*Dorothy Tennant in English Illustrations.*

A Baby Funeral in Mexico.

One afternoon I sat reading in my room while the first shower of the month was falling. The rainy season was several weeks later than usual this year. It was a goody shower, and the rivulets in the streets were soon converted into turbid torrents. While the rain was still pouring, though very gently, I heard music in the street. It was St. John's day, and I thought it part of the celebration. I stepped to the balcony and saw a band coming, followed by score or more of men with lighted candles. The band was playing a lively march. Ahead there ran a little boy with what looked like a tawdryly painted box-cover. The men were nearly all of the lower class, shabbily dressed. One of them carried on his head an open coffin, containing what I at first took for a doll, having something to do with the ceremonial. It was dressed in white muslin, with some gilt tinsel. But as they passed below I saw it was a dead baby, with long eye-lashes and black eyes staring up at the sky. Meanwhile the rain kept dropping pitilessly on the senseless little form. Oh, I fancied, since the form was senseless, was the rain pitiless, or compassionate tears from heaven. The men sheltered from the wind with one hand the candles they were carrying. The procession marched along with the martial blare of the music sounding gaily down the narrow streets, seeming strangely inappropriate to mark the entry of a little child into the kingdom of heaven.—*Sylvester Baxter.*

Oscar Wilde's first born is a son, for whom the father and mother have named other than heavy names, that the little child may not be like the old blockhead.

FLOREY'S DOINGS AS TOLD BY JACK.

She's the funniest girl, my sister Florey is—the very funniest girl I ever saw.

"That is, I don't mean to say she wears bloomers, or cuts her hair off, and preaches, or anything like that, but—she's queer, that's all. I've heard mother groan, and again, and say she didn't know where Florey took it from, being so odd, you know; and always then father's voice kind of hushes up and he says he wishes there was a dozen just such odd girls where there isn't one; the world would be the better for it, he says."

I agree with father; I almost always do. But if father didn't take up for her, I would, all the same. For my sister Florey is the best girl that ever lived, if I do say it. I can prove it by all Canaan, too, if you'd like to have me. Why, last winter—

Now, maybe I oughtn't to tell this story. Mother wouldn't like it a bit if she knew I was going to. My! but didn't she take on about it? She said it was a dreadful thing to do, and that Florey was destined to bring disgrace on the family name, and ought to be shut up in a lunatic asylum. And father, too, for upholding her in it. And I, myself, because I said "jolly." She didn't know what the world was coming to, mother didn't, and she just fairly made herself sick worrying about what folks would say. And I suppose she'd have it over again if she knew the story was going to be put in print—hysterics and all! But if I spell the family name with a P instead of an M, I don't see how there can be any great harm done, do you? because nobody'll know it's ours.

You see, Canaan was never any great of a town; that is, I mean it was a pretty little place; not big, but not much going on, till Mr. Cripps built his big shoe factory. That made times lively in more ways than one. Everybody said, why, how the place has changed; but some people thought it wasn't a very good kind of a change. Some people wished Mr. Cripps had built his shoe factory somewhere else. I guess poor old Aunt Tucker wished so when her grandson Dave was carried home one night, drunk, drunk, do you believe, and all because of Mr. Cripps's shoe factory. And she'd come to live in Canaan because Dave's father died a drunkard, and she didn't want poor Dave tempted as he had been.

For, you see, there never was a drop of liquor sold in Canaan, that anybody knew of, anyway, until Mr. Cripps built his shoe factory. That's why some people wished he hadn't done it.

But it didn't do any good to wish, of course, after 'twas done. There stood the factory, big as life, right in the middle of the village; and pretty soon, alongside of this, stood something that never'd been seen before in Canaan—a rum shop.

Of course, that wasn't what the man called it who opened it. His name was Mr. Seavey, and he was a stranger in Canaan. He called it a "restaurant," and he had a nice, gold-lettered sign, which read, "Seavey's Restaurant. Hot Meals at all Hours." But there wasn't; though he did keep cakes and pies to sell if anybody wanted 'em. That was just for the name of it, you know; it was a rum shop instead of a restaurant that Mr. Seavey kept, and he had a license to keep it, too, framed up behind the door, if anybody wanted to see it. He showed it to poor old Aunt Tucker the day she went and begged, and begged, crying fit to melt a stone, all the time, that he wouldn't sell her Dave any more liquor.

"Really, my good woman," said he, "there'd be just as much sense in your asking my neighbor, Mr. Spicer, to stop selling sugar."

And maybe he thought so, but I don't believe it. Anyway, he kept on, and sold the poison stuff, same as ever, to Dave Tucker and all the factory hands, and things went from bad to worse, and by-and-by my sister Florey came home from a visit east.

I'll never forget how her face looked when I told her about everything, and old Aunt Tucker going to Seavey's saloon. It just fairly blazed white. She couldn't hardly believe it at first, but it didn't take her a great while to see for herself. Then, one day, she put her hands on my shoulders, and her voice trembled, and her big, dark eyes were full of tears.

"Jack, dear," said she "something must be done. We can't see our own old Canaan blackened so and cussed."

Something commenced to get right up in my throat, too. What makes it always, I wonder? And that kind of a stirring war come behind your eyes?

"Well, what?" said I, and I looked the other way.

"Something," said she, "we'll see. You'll help what you can, won't you, Jack?"

"Well, I guess, said I.

So first she went to Squire Pennock's girls, and Elder Black's wife, and Mrs. Dr. Gardiner, to see what they thought about it. But they didn't say any 'em feel like taking hold—they thought 'twas the men's place to go ahead, and, really, they didn't know much about it, anyway, only by hearsay. They supposed it was no more than was done in other places. And Mrs. Dr. Gardiner patted Florey's cheek in a way I'd like to have pulled her ears for.

"I'm afraid you're getting to be a little temperance fanatic, dear," said she. "You must try to get over such non-sensical ideas."

You see, Mrs. Dr. Gardiner didn't have any boys. Elder Black's wife didn't either, nor the Pennock girls any brothers. I can't help thinking that made a difference, though maybe it didn't.

Then Florey said she wanted me to talk to some of the men about it—some of the factory hands, she meant.

So I did. I talked to Dave Tucker. And Florey went along, too, and talked more than I did. I tell you, if she didn't look pretty that night, with her brown eyes shining, and her cheeks as red as roses, I wouldn't say so. And if she didn't talk to Dave, as we all walked along! Just as she would have talked to her own brother.

And every thing Dave could say was, that all the hands had a fashion of dropping into Seavey's, and they'd laugh at him, and he'd work in the factory, in his room, anyway, and a "tip" two or three times a day sort of warmed and livened 'em up, and didn't do a bit of harm, as he could see. He could stop any time he had a mind to, he said.

That's just what they all say at first, you know. But, somehow, they haven't a mind to. That's what Florey told him, and her voice trembled when she said she wished he would stop, for his own sake, and poor old Aunt's.

Fat Dave kind of blushed and stammered, and didn't say much of anything, though he looked as if he wished Florey would mind her own affairs. And that was all that came of it then; because the next day I saw Dave Tucker and the other hands run out of the factory into Seavey's saloon and drink. I looked in the window. When I told Florey of it, she shut her lips till you could only see the least little line of red. That meant something.

It was that very morning that father had given Florey \$50 to buy her winter cloak and hat, and I'd heard her tell mother what a dandy old market, or something of that sort, she could buy with it. She likes frills and furbelows as well as the next one, my sister Florey does, and I reckoned that \$50 was as good as spent.

But it wasn't. At the dinner table, that day, Florey asked father if she could do what she had a mind to with it, and make her old cloak last her. "Certainly, my dear," said father; and he looked 40 interrogation points at Florey, and waited for her to tell him what she meant to do with the money. He knew she would, and so she did. First, she told what she'd been trying to do, and how she couldn't seem to make much headway, and what Dave Tucker said, and all her cheeks growing redder all the while. And then she said: "With your permission, sir, I think I would like to open a coffee-house. There is a little building on the other side of the factory I can get, I am sure, and oh, sir—"

She said a good deal more. I don't know as there's any use of my telling it all here. But I do know that father's eyes got so dim he couldn't see the way to his mouth, because he tried twice to put a piece of mince-pie in it, and put it down at last. And I—just blubbered right out once. But mother—well, that was when she said Florey was destined to bring disgrace on the family name with her doings.

"I don't think so," said father; "I—don't—think so." And when he pushed back from the table, he looked straight across at Florey. "Do what you can, my dear," said he. "God knows the need grows stronger every day; and I think the work is for just such hands as yours. And if you want help—"

"Oh, thank you, sir!" cried Florey. But she didn't look at mother, she just went up and kissed her without saying a word. Well, and so the coffee-house was what somebody or other calls "a foregone conclusion." We got the little building with all our trouble; it had been Miss Doolittle's millinery-shop, but she'd got married and left it empty. Florey hired a carpenter one day, and I helped all I could, and it wasn't long before the little place was cosy enough. Didn't Florey sparkle at me, though, when the last nail was in!

"You dear boy," said she; just as though it wasn't all her doings—the neat little tables, and curtains, and the shiny little stove, and everything. "Now, with a bit of assistance from Public Sentiment—"

Florey laughed, but she was dead in earnest all the same. I know what she meant, well enough. She meant, if people sided with us we'd either drive Mr. Seavey out or reform him.

But people didn't side with us—not altogether. A good many didn't side either way, and that's the worst kind. I'd rather folks would come right out square against me, than to say they don't care; wouldn't you?

It made quite a stir, though, and a number of the hands that brought their dinners came in at noon to get hot coffee to drink with them. Dave Tucker came in, but he looked—well, sheepish; and they all did—as if they were afraid of being laughed at, you know.

So it wasn't really a success, after all. And I thought I knew the reason. And I told Florey what I thought. We wanted backers.

"If Mr. Cripps—" said I; and a flash went over Florey Poore's face that minute.

"Mr. Cripps—will!" said she.

I didn't believe Mr. Cripps could help it, myself, when I looked at my sister Florey's bright, pretty, determined face. But I hung back a little, all the same. I didn't see the sense of pitching right into him—such a crusty-looking old chap, too! But Florey said he'd gone too far to retreat now, and I wouldn't show the white feather if she wouldn't—no, sir! So she took the cast-iron—no, "iron-clad" pledge that she had framed up upon any glass over, so folks could sign it, and we walked right into the factory. And Florey went into Mr. Cripps's counting-room, pledge and all.

I didn't go in. Florey said I needn't if I'd rather not, and maybe she'd do better alone, anyway. So I didn't know what she said; but I heard Mr. Cripps blow his nose two or three times, like a bugle. And when the door came open he was carrying the big, gilt frame that held the pledge, and my sister Florey's eyes were dancing, and bright as winter stars. And the first inmates all asleep, and no sounds issuing from the gloom but the drowsy hum of Dave Cripps's as large as life. And then Mr. Cripps gave Florey his arm, and I went behind all through the factory, and in every room Mr. Cripps made a speech in his funny, bluff way, just as he was throwing something at you.

"Men," he said, "coffee is better than gin. A coffee-drinker is worth \$1 a week more to me than a gin-drinker, and he'll get it, from this out. Suppose you try, for one year."

Then he put down the pledge and his stylographic pen; and there wasn't a man but signed it—no one.

And Florey cried—she broke down and cried right there, and then laughed to

think what a goose she was; and the men cheered, and Mr. Cripps patted her head, and said, "Sh-sh-sh" just as if she'd been a baby.

Well, there wasn't any more laughing after this. Everybody seemed willing to help, and said what a nice thing it was. That's always the way, you know; but I can tell you a little pluck in the first place is worth more than a big one after a thing is fairly started. And so, after a while, it came around that folks didn't really like to be seen in Seavey's saloon, though he did sell drinks at half-price. And finally the man that owned the saloon said he couldn't rent it for that any more.

"That's the way Public Sentiment helps," said Florey, laughing. And all this while she'd stuck to it, making hot coffee for the factory hands every day, and I'd passed it round, and the pledge had kept gaining, and Florey wore her old cloak.

But I tell you the day the saloon was closed up for good and all was worth a dozen new markets—if that's what you call 'em. Everybody was shaking hands with Florey, and so they would with me, but I hid behind the door. And Florey laughed, and blushed, and sparkled; only once, when poor old Aunt Tucker came in and tried to say something, and couldn't, but only squeeze her hand, I saw a big tear whip down Florey's cheek—and 'twasn't alone, either!

And this is what my sister Florey said to father that night at tea, with a jolly little laugh:

"Canaan is free, sir; aren't you glad?" she looked at mother, then at me. "Aunt Tucker is going to make the coffee after this."

Mother brightened up.

"There, that sensible," she said, "and then she gave a big sigh. "But I suppose there'll be found some other hobby, just as odd, to ride," said she.

"Amen!" said father.—*Good Cheer.*

The Power of Abstraction.

According to one of his friends, Victor Hugo wrote "Notre Dame" during the Revolution of 1830, while bullets were whistling across his garden and barricades were being erected almost at his door. "He shut himself up in one room, locked up his clothes lest they should tempt him to go into the streets, and spent the whole of that winter wrapped up in a big gray comforter writing against time to complete his work by the 1st of February, 1831." The author of a work on French political leaders tells us that Victor Hugo wrote that terrible pathetic drama, "Les Misérables," during the insurrection. The first act was written in four days. As he lived near the Tuilleries Garden, he was accustomed to walk there under the trees, and to compose his verses as he walked. One day when hard at work on a monologue, he was interrupted by a riot, whose angry waves penetrated almost to his peaceful retreat, and compelled him to take refuge in a neighboring arcade. The tide of battle followed him, and the poet, forgetting his verses, had to get behind some columns for protection. Mrs. Somerville had, to some extent, the same power of concentration, and became so absorbed in her task as to be unconscious of what was going on around her. Dr. Somerville told Harriet Martineau that he once laid a wager with a friend that he would abuse Mrs. Somerville in a loud voice to her face and she would take no notice, and he did so. Sitting close to her he confided to his friend the most injurious things—that she roused, that she wore a wig, and other such nonsense, uttered in a very loud voice. Her daughters were in a roar of laughter, while the slandered lady sat placidly writing. At last her husband made a dead pause after her name, on which she looked up with an innocent, "Did you speak to me?"—*All the Year Round.*

Slavery in Congo Island.

There are rows upon rows of dark nakedness, relieved here and there by the white dresses of the captors. There are lines or groups of naked forms upright, standing or moving about listlessly; naked bodies are stretched under the shed in all positions: naked legs innumerable are seen in the perspective of prostrate sleepers; there are countless naked children, many mere infants, forms of boyhood and girlhood, and occasionally a dove of absolutely naked old women bending under a basket of fuel, or cassava tuber, or bananas, who are driven through the moving groups by two or three musketeers. On observing more attention to details, I perceived that most of the fettered youths with iron rings around their necks, through which a chain, like one of our boat-anchors, is rove, securing the captives by twenties. The children over ten are secured by three copper rings, each ring being brought together by the central ring, which accounts for the apparent listlessness of movement I observed on first coming in presence of the curious scene. The mothers are secured by shorter chains, around whom their respective progeny of infants are grouped, hiding the cruel iron links that fall in loops or festoons over their mamas' breasts. There is not one adult man-captive among them. Little perhaps as my fancy betrayed my feelings, other pictures would crowd upon the imagination; and after realizing the extent and depth of the misery presented to me I walked about as in a kind of a dream, wherein I saw through the darkness of the night the stealthy forms of the murderers, creeping toward the doomed town, imitating all asleep, and no sounds issuing from the gloom but the drowsy hum of chirping cicadas or distant frogs—when suddenly flashes the light of brandishing torches, the sleeping town is involved in flames, while volleys of musketry lay the frightened and astonished people sending many through a short minute of agony to that soundless sleep from which there will be no waking.—*Henry Stanley.*

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